KEMMISH AND CO'S

ANNUAL HARMONIST;

OR,

BRITISH APOLLO:

CONTAINING THE

NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED

SONGS,

CATCHES, GLEES, DUETS, CANTATAS, TRIOS, &c.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL GARDENS, AT THE THEATRES-ROYAL, AND OTHER PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

AMONGST WHICH ARE

SEVERAL ORIGINALS;

MANY ADAPTED TO

FAMILIAR AND WELL-KNOWN TUNES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE PRESIDENT'S BEST COMPANION;

OR,

COMPLEAT TOAST MASTER.

Should my attempt *to* please *ſucceſsful be,*
And you with uſual generoſity,
Pronounce my HARMONIST *again complete,*
And condeſcend to join the VOCAL *treat,*
With powerful note, *and with unfeigned* lays,
Sweet Gratitude *its loudeſt voice ſhall raiſe.*

SOUTHWARK:
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HARDING

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ADDRESS.

W. K. with the deepeſt Senſe of Gratitude, returns his very beſt Acknowledgements for the paſt Favors received from his Friends, Correſpondents, and the Public, and humbly ſolicits a Continuance of their Favors, in behalf of himſelf and the Gentlemen who have joined him in his Old-eſtabliſhed and favorite SONG-BOOK; not doubting but they, as well as himſelf, will loſe no Opportunity to render this Publication ſtill more deſerving.

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KEMMISH and Co's

ANNUAL HARMONIST;

OR,

BRITISH APOLLO.

AN INTRODUCTORY CANTATA,

By Leander.

RECITATIVE.

ONCE more, unrivall'd, does your *Songster* come,
Prepar'd to meet the ſentence you ſhall doom;
Unrivall'd his intention for to pleaſe,
His Book replete with innocence and eaſe—
Replete with chaſteſt mirth and harmleſs glee;
In ſhort, with all-inſpiring harmony:
Let me not paſs, ſweet harmony, thy name,
Without this proper tribute to thy fame.

AIR,

TUNE—*Hail Politeneſs, all Divine.*"

HAIL, thou ſource of ſocial joy,
May thy praiſe thy theme employ;
Welcome harmony divine,
Pleas'd we bend before thy ſhrine.

What unites by ſtrongeſt ties,
Man and wife? The muſe replies
" Harmony, that bliſs ſupreme,
" Harmony is ſtill the theme."

Sweets diſpelling envious care,
To our manſions quick repair;
Welcome harmony and mirth,
Greateſt treaſures here on Earth.

RECITATIVE.

Yet while I tune the ſweet melodious ſtring,
Let me not forget the cauſe in which I ſing—
The generous patronage receiv'd each year,
Requires a freſh ſupply of dainty cheer;
Then fair one's liſten to the *Bill of Fare*,,
And each enchanting voice again prepare.

AIR,

TUNE—*Heaving of the Lead.*

CANTATAS ſung in days of old,
And *Medlies*, every where approv'd;
The taſte for ſinging oft has told,
The Gods themſelves a *Chorus* lov'd.
Cantatas, *Medlies*, here you'll ſee,
And they accompany'd ſhall be
By cheerful *Glees*.

The ſprightly *Catch*, ſo briſk and gay,
Duets and *Trios*, all ſhall join;
The rural ſongſters too, ſhall ſay,
No HARMONIST can equal mine.
To *Madrigals* if your inclin'd,
Or ought beſide, you here may find,
A merry *Song*.

RECIT-

RECITATIVE.

Would you my fair ſubſcribers condeſcend
To act the lowly part, and ſtand my friend;
Your gen'rous patronage will fully bleſs
All my endeavours, and enſure ſucceſs.

TUNE—*O liſten to the Call.*

WHILE I ſelect the choiceſt ſtore,
Sure you'll reward my toil;
Give me, ye fair, I aſk no more,
One kind approving ſmile.
And when I chaunt the vocal lay,
With anxious care, the while,
You cannot ſure, refuſe to pay
The tribute of a ſmile.

RECITATIVE.

Should my attempt to pleaſe, ſucceſsful be,
And you with uſual generoſity
Pronounce the HARMONIST again compleat,
And condeſcend to join the vocal treat;
With powerful note, and with unfeigned lays,
Sweet gratitude its loudeſt voice ſhall raiſe.

FINALE.

TUNE—*To the Nations around her.*

TO you ſo much fam'd for impartial decree,
I offer theſe fruits of attention and care;
Let candour and mercy my advocates be,
And let Gentlemen ſecond the ſmiles of the Fair;
My conſtant endeavours thoſe ſmiles ſhall ſecure,
And a pleaſing ſelection each year ſhall enſure.

SONGS—IN THE POOR SAILOR,

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

SONG—MR. INCLEDON.

TO fortune loſt, my native ſhore.
Doth yet one bliſs impart:
Unſullied ſtill's the ſterling ore,
Of dear Eliza's heart, While

While winds blow hard, and torrents pour'd,
Self dangers were forgot,
I only fear'd the wind that roar'd,
Round dear Eliza's cot.

On ocean wide or near the ſhore,
Each morn ſhe was my theme,
And ere the midnight-watch was o'er,
She cheer'd my nightly dream:
Thus ſweetly love lulls every breeze,
Gives rapture moſt benign,
And like the ſun to troubled ſeas,
Imparts its ray divine.

SONG—MRS. MARTYR.

YE pretty maids and loving wives,
Who lead the men folk happy lives,
Yet teaze them now and then:
Come join a merry roundelay,
And in your cheering chorus ſay,
Succeſs to Little Ben.

Ye bucks and bloods, ye wags and wits,
Ye beaux, ye ſmarts, and honeſt cits,
I have you in my ken:
Come join, &c.

My brother ſailors all around,
And ſoldiers brave with laurel crown'd,
I know you'll feel like men,
Come join, &c.

SONG—MR. TOWNSEND.

WHEN an infant, I'm told, I was rear'd with much care.
By my father's old friend in this cot,
But ſoon of fortune poſſeſs'd a large ſhare,
And its leſſons ſo rare were forgot. To

To the gay mart of London I hied me apace,
Toy'd with Phillis, Sophia, and Poll,
The play, park or concert, was foremoſt to grace,
And ſung morn and night Tol de rol.

Tho' abſent three years, yet ſtill ran in my mind
My Nancy's dear form, native charms,
But 'till fortune forſook me, I ne'er ſeem'd inclin'd
To win the dear maid to my arms.

My eſtate tho' I've loſt,—I'll not pine at my lot,
But in luxury's lap think I loll,
If I win the ſweet nymph to this once happy cot,
I'll ſing morn and night Tol de rol.

SONG—MRS. MARTYR.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

MID'ST rocks and quickſands have we ſteer'd,
Rude ſtorms and torrents brav'd, ſir,
The battle's rage, nor death, we fear'd,
We conquer'd, then we ſav'd, ſir,
In diſtant climes old England's foe,
Did every where annoy,
Then meſſmate like ſome pity ſhew,
To a poor ſailor boy.

When midnight tempeſts roar'd around,
And ſeas roll'd o'er the deck, ſir,
When ninety-two brave ſouls were drown'd,
While nine eſcap'd the wreck, ſir,
Full fifteen days in open boat,
Forlorn and loſt to joy,
O'er ocean's boſom doom'd to float,
Was the poor ſailor boy.

Firſt for our king and laws we fight,
Next for our trade and beauty,
Thoſe to protect is our delight,
Our pride, our boaſt and duty,
Then now relieve a hapleſs tar,
Nor pity's claim deſtroy ;
Thus wreck'd, be you a friendly ſtar,
To the poor ſailor Boy.

SONG—MR. ROCK.

TO ſweet Londonderry,
So neat and ſo merry,
I'll bear of my belle this old madam Anglois,
With Daniel gallanting,
She'll look ſo enchanting,
As ſick, ſore, and ſorry, ſhe rides o'er the ſeas.

Oh ſweet well bred nation,
Without oſtentation,
Where (full of bank notes) they'll ſalute my old queen,
Oh! there I'll cut capers,
And buy with her papers,
The whole bog of Allen and Ballyporene.

SONG—MASTER STANDEN.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

MY daddy is ſailor bold,
Who fights, all danger ſcorning,
And this little heart of gold,
Will trudge from night to morning ;
Along the road,
At each abode,
Some food to give I'll pray,
Then cheerful ſing,
Long live the king,
Huzza ! my boys huzza !

 And

And when I grow a bigger boy,
I'll laugh at frowns or ſnubbing,
Then Little Bob with pride and joy,
Will give the French a drubbing.
'Midſt noiſe and ſmoke,
Enjoy the joke,
Charge, ram, and fire away,
E'en then I'll ſing
Long live the King.
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

SONG—MR. INCLEDON.

A Sail on our lee-bow appears,
She looms like a French man of war,
Then pipe up all hands brave tars,
And cheerly for chaſing prepare,
Set each ſail that will draw, eaſe your reefs and be mute,
Mind how you ſteer,
Don't let her veer,
She'll loſe way if ſhe yare,
So ſteadily down on your enemy bear,
And give her a Britiſh ſalute.

But now ſee her topſails aback,
She ſeems making ready to fight,
Up hammocks, down cheſts, clear the deck,
And ſee all your matches alight,
Now ſplice the main brace and to quarters away,
Stand every one
True to his gun,
'Till the battle be done,
We ſoon ſhall compel them to fight, ſink or run,
Huzza! for Old England, huzza!

SONG

SONG—In JACK of NEWBERY.

SUNG BY MR. KELLY.

THERE was Cormoc O'Con
Of the great Con Grandſon,
With the ſon of Cumbal the greet Fin,
Whoſe name ſounded afar
As great Oſſian's papa,
And with him the O'Connel's came in.

Then comes Dathy the laſt
Who to Italy paſs'd
And was kill'd by a flaſh from the ſkies,
Patrick next did ſucceed,
Taught the people to read,
And from him the O'Flaherty's riſe.

Then Malachlin of Meath
Put old Turges to death;
Brian Boromy mounted the throne,
Who ſet Dublin in blaze,
With the tribe of Dalcais,
And from him are the Flannegan's grown.

Och, then Donchad his ſon
Scarce to reign had begun
When Turlogh got hold of the crown:
Then the great ſouthern lion,
Comes Murrogh O'Brian,
And from him O'Brian's come down.

Thus the Fitz Mac's and O's,
Our long anceſtry cloſe,
Och! their dignity never ſhall fall;
For our honours are link'd,
And though ſome are extinct,
Yet I am the heir of them all.

SONG

SONG IN THE OPERA OF THE CHEROKEE,

Performed at the Theatre Royal, New Drury.

SUNG BY MRS. BLAND.

A Shepherd once had loſt his love,
Fal, lal, &c.
And as he ſought her in a grove,
Where ſhe ſlept as he did ſtray,
A little bird ſung from a ſpray,
Fal, lal, &c.

In vain this bird did ſtrain her throat,
Fal, lal, &c.
In vain ſhe varied oft her note;
The fooliſh ſhepherd wandered on,
The fair one roſe, and ſoon was gone.
Fal, lal, &c.

At laſt the bird to him did ſay,
Fal, lal, &c.
If you will not when you may,
When you will, you ſhall have nay.
The little bird then flew away;
Fal, lal, &c.

SONGS IN THE MYSETRIES OF THE CASTLE,

A Dramatic Tale, performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

SUNG BY MR. FAWCET.

LOVE is naught but care,
Sorrow and repentance:
If the object's fair,
Sooner comes your ſentence:
Round a pretty wife,
Swarm your pretty fellows:
She's ſet up for life,
You're ſet down for jealous;

Thus do married men,
Knowledge to diſcover,
School-boy like, again
Con their horn-book over.
Tol-de-rol-de-rol.

If no longer young,
Madam's teeth are going :
Still ſhe has a tongue,
Which you're ſure of knowing,
Morning, noon and night
Clatter, clatter, clatter,
Tho' ſhe cannot bite,
Sweetly ſhe can chatter.
Charming honey moon !
How they munch and mumble !
Preſto, changed the tune,
How they growl and grumble !
Tol-de-rol, &c.

Thus from pouting lips,
Or from pouting temper,
Madam often trips,
Spouſe would often HEMP her ;
Oh ! what bliſsful ſtate !
When ſuch Doves are billing:
Short indeed the date,
Such delights are killing.
So, my ſaucy ſong,
If indeed no fib 'tis,
Styles both old, and young,
Scylla, or Charybdis.
Tol-de-rol-de-rol,

SONG—MR. MUNDEN.

O What a country for people to marry in ;
Love and its comforts they never miſcarry in.
Miſs wants a huſband, and maſter a wife.
Parents conſent, and they're happy for life.

If

If one bed won't do,
They put up with two;
The good wife loves to roam,
The good man ſtays at home;
At night they retire from their merry go-round,
He's got a few bottles—ſhe's loſt a few pounds,
If ſuch the delights ſuch fond unions beſpeak,
Say who wou'd live ſingle a week?
Happy pair!
Say, who wou'd live ſingle a week.

Fortune, perhaps, the dear couple my ſmile upon;
Field for the fair to ſhew off her grand ſtyle upon,
A coach and ſix horſes—a ſervice of plate—
A beau for foot for [illegible] for ſtate,
Should pocket be low
To traffic they go;
A great rout is declar'd,
A rich Faro prepared.
The gueſts return lighter, perhaps, then they went;
The ſupper's diſcharg'd, and the hoſts are content,
If wedlock ſuch permanent joys can diſplay,
Pray, who wou'd live ſingle a day.
Charming ſcene!
Pray, who wou'd live ſingle a day.

Lucky in theſe, they have other reſources too;
Sweet ſeparation, and tender divorces too—
If our wife in a friend too much confidence puts,
We thruſt a ſtilletto into his guts:
They only look big,
By a Counſellor's wig;
And the weapon they draw,
Is a limb of the law—
Each parties for damage good-naturedly ſue,
And their wrongs are ſet right by a Nabob or Jew;
If huſbands ſuch recompenſe have in their pow'r,
Then, who wou'd live ſingle an hour?
Pleaſant rogues!
Then, who wou'd live ſingle an hour.

AIR—In The THREE and the DEUCE.

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.

OH! wonders that grow in Kilkenny ſo clever!
I mend the brain's weakneſs, how ſtrong 'tis ſoever;
My dumb, blind, and deaf, when they hear the lame walking,
Run ſpeechleſs with joy to behold themſelves talking,
For bother o'pother,
From one to the other,
I cure all complaints, whether little or great o,
With a tune of my brogue, and a touch of potato.
Ach hone, Mavrone!
Pillaluh!

The fame of my credit in Ireland has ſuch been,
No ſenſes were found till by me they had touch'd been;
Twas own'd by all ranks, whether peer, cit, or peaſant,
None went farther before, who came after at preſent
For bother o'pother, &c,

But vainly I hold out the light of all learning,
Unleſs the ſmall wick of the brain I'm diſcerning;
If blind then to reaſon, I force them to view it;
If I beat them not with it, I beat them into it.
For bother o'pother, &c.

THE POOR CABIN BOY.

Written by J. Moulds.

SUNG BY MR. T. SUTTON, AT VAUXHALL.

NO lark that e'er whiſtled aloft o'er the downs,
Was more chearful or blitheſome than I;
'Till fate loſt my pleaſure with fortunes rude frowns,
And caus'd my poor heart for to ſigh,

For

For father he died, and friends turn'd me adrift,
On the billows my time to employ ;
To weather life's voyage, I've made many a ſhift,
Although but a poor Cabin Boy.
To weather, &c.

I oftimes remember'd the maxim of old,
As a looſe to my ſorrows I gave :
That loves not worth having, when purchas'd for gold,
Or Friendſhip, where intereſt's a ſlave.
So contented I brav'd the rude ſt rms dry or wet
Buoy'd up with hope's flattering joy ;
That fortune perchance might yet not forget,
To ſmile on the poor Cabin Boy.

Now three years elapſed, ere our veſſel was bound,
For England again for to ſteer ;
My heart felt with raptures, new life at the ſound,
My eyes dropt with pleaſure a tear ;
But alas, adverſe fate, like falſe friends, prov'd unkind,
And ſoon did my wiſhes deſtroy :
For wreck'd was our ſhip, by the tempeſt's rude wind,
And the hopes of the poor Cabin Boy.

Yet thro' fortune's ſmiles, I again reach'd the ſhore,
And ſought my companions to find ;
But the friends of my youth were diſpers'd or no more,
Or ſcarce left a relict behind ;
If this be life's fate (with a ſigh) I reply'd,
May Heav'n my hours ſoon employ ;
And give that fond bleſſing which here is deny'd,
To the Orphan, or poor Cabin Boy.

SONG—In the GALLANT MORISCOES,

BY BALTHAZAR.

LET ſages be vain of their maxims and rules,
While their ſour, wrinkled faces proclaim them for fools :

The true art of living, as far as I know,
Is to wrap yourſelf ſnug, and take things as they go.

Shou'd good humour'd fortune preſent me a treat,
A gay laughing heart ſhall be ſauce to my meat;
But if ſhe prove cruel—the beſt I can do,
Is to wrap myſelf ſnug, and take things as they go.

If the girl of my heart give a ſmile to my ſuit,
She ſhall have love for love—and abundance to boot;
If coy—ſhall I hang, or ſit ſighing heigho!
No—I'll wrap myſelf ſnug, and take things as they go.

In wedlock, adzooks! ſhould I get as my lot
Inſtead of an angel, a vixen, or ſot,
Tho' her thunder be follow'd by rain or by ſnow,
I'll wrap myſelf ſnug, and take things as they go.

Will grief cure the tooth-ach, or cancel a debt?
Will duns, or the gout be aſſuag'd by a fret?
Repining and whining but double our woe,
So I'll laugh and be fat, and take things as they go.

This life is a ſea—then let prudence preſide,
And honeſty ſtill be my compaſs and guide;
My great coat is patience,—then blow high or low,
I'll wrap myſelf ſnug, and take things as they go.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR-BOY.

'TWAS near a rock, within a bay,
Where many a ſhatter'd veſſel rides,
An ample cottage ſhelter'd lay,
Which overlook'd the ebbing tide—
Its calm inhabitants would view
The ocean ſtruggling with the ſky,
Whene'er the northern tempeſts blew,
Or when each wave ran mountain high.

Once,

Once, at the closing of a day,
When angry Boreas, in his rage,
Had clear'd the dark'ning clouds away,
And caus'd a thunder war to wage—
A shipwreck'd sea-boy, pale, and spent
With buffeting the threatening waves,
Strait to the peaceful cottage went,
And bending low, for succour craves.

He told his tale with feeble voice,
For he'd a heart that could not feign,
The list'ning hearers all rejoice
To think him safe on land again.
The parents and the children strove
Who now should first his wants supply,
While pity caus'd each heart to move,
And sympathy fill'd ev'ry eye.

The can was fill'd, the fire was made,
To cheer and dry the drenched guest,
For each brought something to his aid,
And anxiously the boy caress'd:
At length reviv'd, express'd his mind,
And shew'd his gratitude so plain;
Forgot the thunders and the wind,
Resolv'd to try the sea again.

THE WINE-BIBBER.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mr. T. Sutton.

WHILE poets bewilder their fanciful brains
In counting the musical Nine,
To thee, jolly Bacchus! I echo my strains,
And sing of nectareous wine.

While

While the boatſwain, with pipe, whiſtles o'er the main,
And ſeems to make peril his ſport;
All the pipe that I covet or wiſh to retain,
Is a pipe fill'd with excellent Port.

Let the maſter of dancing teach pupils to reel
Alertly on toe or on heel;
If prim'd with good liquor, I'll preſently prove
I can dance a more ſpirited reel.

Let the lawyer be buſy in finding a flaw,
(To his clients a ravenous ſhark)
His dearelt delight is the money to draw,
But mine is the drawing a cork.

SEA SONG,——By R. RUSTED.

TUNE—*Poll and my Partner Joe.*

I AM a jolly, hardy Tar,
Long time I've plough'd the ocean,
Where rocks arile, that reach the ſkies,
Yet never gain'd promotion.
Whene'er the boatſwain pip'd all hands,
So cheariful I obey'd,
At ſea, the ſervice ſuch commands,
Then, Meſſmates, who's afraid?
With grog and flip we ſing and ſkip,
So fares the careleſs Tar.
On Saturday nights we drink ſucceſs
To ſmiling Kate and lovely Beſs,
On board of a man of war.

Oh how I griev'd to leave on ſhore
Sweet Kate, my heart's dear treaſure;
But what's her charms to war's alarms!
I ſerve my King with pleaſure.
For when the winds blow high blow low,
And thundring cannons roar,

Tho'

Tho' Briton's like we've beat the foe,
All ſcenes of danger's o'er.
With grog and flip we ſing and ſkip,
So fares each careleſs Tar,
On Saturday nights we drink ſucceſs
To ſmiling Kate and lovely Beſs,

On board of a man of war.
None can the duty better do,
I furl the courſes cheerly;
Or man the yards, no breeze regards,
Tho' lubbers do it queerly.
Reef top-ſails, brace the mizen up,
Or let the main-ſheet fly;
Bear up the helm a weather, lads,
Yo-yea all hands, we cry.
With grog and flip we ſing and ſkip,
So fares each careleſs Tar;
On Saturday nights we drink ſucceſs
To ſmiling Kate and lovely Beſs,
On board of a man of war.

SONGS, &c. IN THE APPARITION,

BALLAD—MRS. HARLOWE.

WHEN firſt I ſaw Charley I ne'er ſhall forget,
So ſprightly his mien, his endearments ſo ſweet,
My eyes ſparkled full of delight;
On the pinions of pleaſure the hours wing'd away,
Too ſhort, ah! too ſhort ſeem'd a long ſummer's day,
And I ſigh'd when he bade me good night.

CHORUS.

I cou'dn't but repine.
When as if it were in ſpite,
The village bell chim'd nine,
And warn'd us all good night.

When

When ſummer ſuns cheer'd us we walk'd by the rill,
Or heard the click-clack of yon neighbouring mill,
Or wander'd where breezes invite;
In winter a'near the peat embers we ſate,
Where ſuch tales of his dangers and love he'd relate,
That I ſigh'd when he bade me good night,
I cou'dn't, &c.

SONG—MR. BANNISTER, JUN.

I HAVE ſail'd round the world, view'd all nations and climes,
Every point of the compaſs have box'd,
Seen fair weather, heavy ſqualls, your beſt and worſt of times,
And now and then a pretty girl I've coax'd.

But old England for my money, and a Britiſh laſs in tow,
Bleſs their hearts! why I never, never ſnub 'em,
As for this or that there enemy, wherever bred the foe,
We Engliſh hearty cocks always drub them 'em.

Then with flip, the fiddles, Poll,
Piping tol de riddle, lol,
We laugh and quaff it merrily, yeo ho!

They call us careleſs ninnies, we'll e'en let them, and what then?
Why the rhino we work hard for you know;
Not to hoard it like lubbers, but ſpend it boys, like men,
With a meſſmate, girl, a fiddle, boys, or ſo,
Old England for my money, then a Britiſh girl, &c.

SONG

SONG—MR. JOHNSTONE.

MY heart is as ſound as the heart of Shilelah,
Old honeſty's made it as warm as a toaſt,
Wid love and affection it's glowing ſo gayly,
And ſure fair fidelity isn't my boaſt,

CHORUS.

When the pipers ſtrike up, why I jig it away,
Look loving, dear joy, when I've nothing to ſay,
And when battle rages, I battle away,
With my whack for the honor of Ireland.

Since my head was as ſmall as an apple potatoe,
I follow'd the ſound of the drum and the fife,
Yet love well as war, with the joys of good nature,
Smooth'd ſweetly the wrinkles and furrows of life,
When the pipers, &c.

A friend never ax'd when diſtreſs play'd the devil,
A lift from myſelf, but I halv'd him my all;
And in fight, och the conquer'd found Larry ſo civil,
He lifted 'em up when he'd gin 'em a fall.
When the pipers, &c.

SONG—MR. SUETT.

WHEN a ſtripling at home, in our parts,
Folks call'd I a comical lad;
I trick'd the laſſes gay hearts,
And a mort of kind cooing I had.
A ſeyther a near being made,
I was forc'd to take leave of my Sukey,
Or elſe they in jail had ma' laid,
Wounds and dang it, now wan't that unlucky?

Thinks

Thinks I, I'll no more be in love,
So way to the alehouſe I ſped,
Where the lads round the beer-bicker move,
And the hops ſomehow jump in their head,
A cute hand at cards why I play'd,
Shuffled, cut, hiccup'd, ſwigg'd, 'till quite ſucky,
I loſt every angel I laid,
Wounds and dang it, now wan't it unlucky ?

Poor and tatter'd a ſarvice I got,
Thinking there to be happy and gay,
But LUCK and FISHLIKE wan't my lot ;
I again fell in love—lack a day !
Ma'am flouts, meaſter ſneers, all the men
So jeer me and ſo forth, that look ye,
I'll e'en tuck myſelf up—and then—
No waunds and dang it, that will be unlucky.

SONGS—IN JACK OF NEWBERY.

By Mr. Dignum.

WHEN ſpring ſkims lightly o'er the lawn,
Or lurks beneath the flowing thorn,
Her fragrant breath that ſcents the grove
Is not ſo ſweet as her I love.

When ſummer leads the hours along
With ſprightly dance and merry ſong,
The tuneful birds that cheer the grove
Are not ſo blythe as her I love.

When autumn yellows o'er the field
And golden joys of harveſt yield,
We all the glowing charms approve,
But more the cheek of her I love.

But ah, when winter's gloom appears,
And nature ſheds her bounteous tears,
Tho' cold they drop, congeal'd above.
More cold the heart of her I love.

THE

THE FREE AND EASY ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

(Inſerted by particular Deſire)

TUNE—"*Go patter to Lubbers, &c.*"

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
But never tript over to France,
All cities and moſt market-towns have been in,
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
My own native country with pleaſure I range,
All ſeaſons and times of the year;
In faſhion ſtill find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear;
The world tho' 'tis round, as about it we go,
Strange ways, turns and croſſes we ſee;
But the favourite road which I wiſh to purſue,
Is through life to go *eaſy* and *free*.

The Traveller braving a bleak wint'ry day,
To what place he ſoe'er may reſort,
When ſearching his Inn is as chearful and gay,
As the Sailor that gets into Port;
Well ſeated and ſerv'd, his refreſhment how ſweet,
What comfort it gives to the heart,
And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
How fond each his tale to impart;
For know this idea which none can deteſt,
Has long been implanted in me,
That whatever maxims are follow'd, the beſt,
Is through life to go *eaſy* and *free*.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much,
In ſentiment people divide;
In opinion for differing my temper is ſuch,
I ſcorn any ſoul to deride;
Tho' the dictates of reaſon flow pointed and ſtrong,
Such prejudice hangs on the mind;

From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
You ſeldom a convert will find:
Then give me the man whereſoever I call,
That always will ſociable be;
If we can't think alike—ſtill the beauty of all,
Is through life to go *eaſy* and *free*.

As ſons of the Whip muſt to buſineſs attend,
I always make much of the day;
At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
The moments glide ſmoothly away;
All Travellers, truly it muſt be confeſt,
Good orders are glad to receive;
Diſappointments in trade never rob me of reſt,
For madneſs I deem it to grieve;
Then my Worthies the toaſt which to give I'm inclin'd,
I truſt with all minds will agree;
"Wiſhing every free-hearted friend to mankind,
"Through life may go *eaſy* and *free*."

THE TRIUMPH,

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

THO' Bacchus may boaſt of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worſhip, alas! hath no charms for the ſoul,
When ſofter devotions the ſenſes invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potions oblivious a balm may beſtow:
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe!

What ſoul that's poſſeſt of a dream ſo divine,
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion be gone!

For

For the tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender exceſs that enamours the heart
To few is imparted; to millions deny'd:
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which ſages have dy'd.

Each change and exceſs hath thro' life been my doom;
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife:
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gleam,
But love's the true ſun-ſhine that gladdens our life.

Come then, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul!
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god! from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine
That's mellow'd by Friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by Love.

THE IRISH MIMIC,

Sung by Mr. FAWCETT.

MASTIERI was Opera ſingeri,
Liv'd in Alley call'd Cramboni,
In his ring he wore a finger,
Much he lov'd to munch Bologni!
Sop'd it in vinegarini,
And ſhake over pepperini,
Caro then his mouth he'd open,
With non pia Andrae, and then

In the coffee-houſe, Spring-garden,
Signior would no ſpendi farden.
At the Orange take his coffee,
Pianoiſſimo drinks off he.
At the bar whips up a jelly,
Reads then newſpaperello,
Nice ſallad, if he ſhou'd eye any,
With peenyo he will buy any.
If it have dandilioni,
Salladini, beetrootini,
Endivini, celerini,
Napkinſini, ſwingidini,
Cuto with the knife or forko,
Jaw to worko, draw ſe corko.
Flaſky, glaſky,
Primo, brimo,
Brinky, winky,
Soko, joko,
As he paſs Hay-marketti,
Horeſe in carto there he metti,
Hair-bag full was ſtuffed with hay,
Hungry horſo drag away,
Look like ninny,
Ladies grinny,
I approachy,
Call a Coachy.
To del watermano throw,
Penny ſi fortiſſimo;
He ſteps in, ſtep up I puto,
In his fingers door I ſhuto,
Squal whip ſmacko,
Pavement cracko,
Pall-Mall dini,
Cockſpurini,
Up Strandini,
From Sanguini,
Buy pomatum,
For my patum,
Taviſtocko,
For my blocko,

Of

Of Vickery,
Buy falſe hairy,
Hardmanoſey,
Snuff my noſey,
Me a caro,
Temple Baro,
Fetter Lani,
Sauſageani,
Buy of Longman,
Pretty ſongman.
Signior fill his pockets full,
Sail to Italy backino,
Dere he laugh at Johnny Bull,
In his ſuperfine Caſſini.

THE SAILOR's DEPARTURE.

YOU tell me, dear Molly, you love me ſincere,
Be conſtant and true for a while,
While I on the occean brave every fear,
And drive ſorrow away with a ſmile.

CHORUS.

With a ſkin full of grog, and the thoughts of my Molly,
I'll baniſh all ſorrow and drown melancholy;
Tho' Bhillis and Nancy I've courted, 'tis true,
I'll fight for none other, dear Molly, but you.

If in action I chance fall a victim to death,
I fall in my Country's defence;
In honour I die, and reſign my laſt breath,
But that, my dear girl's all a chance.

O'er a full flowing bowl, &c.

But ſhould providence guard me ſafe back to this ſhore,
And return crown'd with gain for my toil,
I will marry, dear Molly, the girl I adore,
She ſhall ſhare all my weathered ſpoil.
With a full flowing bowl, &c.

A NEW SONG, on the PONY RACES, at the ROYAL CIRCUS, St. George's Fields.

TUNE—"*Batchelor's Hall.*"

NEWMARKET may boaſt of its often trod courſe,
Its faſhion, its riders, its foot and its horſe;
Or Epſom and Aſcot in raptures declare,
To their race-courſe that thouſands and thouſands repair;
But of races I ſing much ſuperior you'll own,
Where there's ten times more ſport not a furlong from town.
Then away, boys! away, to the Circus away,
Where the Ponies are eager to give you all play.

Highflier, a poney of excellent blood,
And Rockingham, boaſting a pedigree good,
And fleet little Gypſey, ſo ſtaunch to the cauſe,
Strain hard for the Sweepſtakes and Public applauſe.
Then of races I ſing full of paſſing you'll own,
Where there's plenty of ſport not a furlong from town;
Then away, &c.

The Jockies are mounted, the race is begun,
Five to four upon Gipſey—have at ye—done—done!
Highflier—now Rockingham—look, lads, how fleet!
Huzza!—little Gypſey has won the firſt heat!
Then away, &c.

Brother

Brother Sportſman then ſpeed ye to St. George's Fields,
And view all the paſtime the Poney Race yields;
Each heat is three times round the Circle and Stage,
You may there bet ſecure, all is fair I'll engage:
Then away, &c.

May the Public its tribute of plaudits award,
And each one who merits it meet due reward;
Jones's wiſh us to pleaſe let no cynic condemn,
But their Poney Race prove a good Sweepſtakes to them.
Then away, &c.

VARIETY.

ASK you who is ſinging here,
Who ſo blithe can thus appear,
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's Variety.

Never have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
And my name's Variety.

Like a bird that ſkims the air,
Here and there, and every where,
Sip my pleaſures like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's ſweet paſſion warms my breaſt,
Roving love but breaks the reſt,
One good heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded

Crouded ſcenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve,
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, Variety.

MAY I NEVER BE MARRIED.

Sung by Mr. Johnſtone.

THE kiſs that he gave me when he left me behind
Seal'd the promiſe of Patrick's love,
And when to my ſailor I'm falſe or unkind,
Such falſehood expect from the Dove.

CHORUS.

For the promiſe of lovers ſhould ne'er be forgot,
And I promis'd the lad, when behind him I tarried,
That I never would forſake him, tho' humble is his lot,
O honey, if I do, may I never get married.

Now the winds and the waves bear him over the ſea,
The young 'ſquire would give me fine things;
But what are his riches or grandeur to me,
His baubles, his ribbons and ſtrings.

His cabbin is low, and content dwells within,
And ſnug is the thatch o'er the door;
For riches without him I care not a pin,
For my ſailor's the lad I adore.

The promiſe of lovers ſhould never be forgot,
Yet ſometimes we all know ſuch hopes have miſcarried,
I truſt he'll prove true, but I'll fit him if not,
O honey, If I don't, may I never be married.

JOCKEY

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the roſy time of the year,
Sweet lilachs bloom'd, and the graſs was down,
Each ſhepherd woo'd his dear:
Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay,
The laſſie bluſh'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it win'na do—
I canna', canna', ſhanna', winna', munna' buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the laſs,
Contented ſhe earn'd, and ſhe eat her brown bread,
And ſhe merrily turn'd up the graſs:
Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay—
Yet ſtill ſhe bluſh'd, and frowning cry'd,
Indeed it winna' do,
I canna', canna', ſhanna', winna', munna' buckle too.

But when he promis'd to make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few;
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd that ſhe'd ever prove true:
Bonny Jockey blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church—no more ſhe frowning cry'd,
Indeed it winna' do,
I canna', canna', ſhanna', winna', munna' buckle too.

THE IRISH NEWSMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dighton, at Sadler's Wells.

YOU may ſing of your waggoners, ploughboys, and watchmen,
Your lamplighters, ſailors, and pedling Jews,
There's no trade like to mine, for you're ſure for to catch men,
Rich, poor, old, and ugly, all raſing the news;
While round with my papers ſtrait forward I'm going,
My maſters they find me employment enough,
For we make out the buſineſs with puffing and blowing,
My maſter's horns after blowing whatever they puff.

And ſo between us both we ſomehow contrive to—

Botheroo! ditheroo! merry and friſky,
My horn always made as much noiſe as he cou'd,
For as ſure as dear Dublin's the country for whiſky,
It muſt be an ill wind that blows nobody good.

If our *Oracle* ever ſhould fail, 'tis no wonder,
The *Times* are complain'd of as not always right,
And ſometimes the *Sun*, juſt by way of a blunder,
He ſets in the morning and riſes at night:
Then 'twould puzzle your worſhips my plan to unlock it,
How often I travel regardleſs of harm,
With a *Star* in my hand and the *World* in my pocket,
And carry a *Telegraph* under my arm.

And then you ſee I'm like the Public Ledger, open to all parties and influenced by none—and that's the way I—

Botheroo! ditheroo! merry and friſky,
My horn always made as much noiſe as he cou'd,
And as ſure as dear Dublin's the country for whiſky,
It muſt be an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Then

Then I've all the agraable news of the nation,
Your battles and murders, and ſuch pretty jokes,
Wid your parliament ſpaaches, agrah! boueration,
And the nate little things that are done by grate folks:
Then I lump every accident, death, or promotion,
Your tragedies, comedies, all in a ſtring,
Wid wedlock and hanging, for ſome have a notion,
That one nooſe and 'tother is juſt the ſame thing.

And by my conſcience I think ſo too—for a man had better be tuck'd up at once than plagu'd with a perpetual

Botheroo! ditheroo! merry and friſky,
My horn always made as much noiſe as he cou'd,
And as ſure as dear Dublin's the country for whiſky
It muſt be an ill wind that blows nobody good.

THE DEVIL AND THE BAKER.

A CURIOUS DIALOGUE.

TOTHER evening a Baker ſat hatching of evil,
He turn'd his head round and there ſtood Mr. Devil.
O ho! quoth the Baker, being in a ſad fright,
What brings your infernalſhip here on this night?
Derry down.

DEVIL.

I'm come, Mr. Baker, pray be not afraid,
To praiſe much your conduct in raiſing the bread,
For by griping and pinching, and ſtarving the poor,
A warm place in my regions you thus will ſecure.
Derry down.

BAKER.

BAKER.

Mr. Devil, the ſwine, how they grumble at me,
They call me a pig and a guinea-pige ;
Say my wife and my daughter's toſt off in the beſt,
With their ſhort-body'd gowns, and their heads ſo high dreſs'd.
Derry down.

DEVIL.

Mr. Baker you're right, and you're up to each rig,
You're an overgrown, big-belly'd, rich guinea-pig ;
And ſooner than you will be put to the ſtraights
Your bread you each day ſerve them out in ſhort weights.
Derry down.

One ſhilling they now for a quartern loaf pay,
Which I'm ſure for to ſtarve them is the right way ;
So good Mr. Baker, I ſee you're the thing,
You upon the poors' heads ſuch calamities bring.
Derry down.

BAKER.

Mr. Devil, the poor, if they can—run in debt,
Which cauſes me often to grieve and to fret,
Then how could we flaunt and jaunt it throughout,
If our roguiſh tricks did not often bring things about.
Derry down.

DEVIL.

Mr. Baker, I cannot but much you applaud,
And I'm ſure in my regions you'll meet a reward,
You'll be bak'd like a hot roll, burnt up like a pye-cruſt,
And there meet a reward for your actions unjuſt.
Derry down.

BAKER.

BAKER.

Now dear Mr. Devil you do me affright,
And I really much fear you now owe me ſome ſpite;
Farmers, millers, and mealmen, no better than me,
When I come to your regions ſhall I there them ſee!
Derry down.

DEVIL.

Why yes, Mr. Baker, they're down in my liſt,
But I now muſt be jogging, ſo give me your fiſt,
Farewel, Mr. Burncruſt, keep cheating each day.
Until I am ready to fetch you away.
Derry down.

HOME's HOME.

Written and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

I'VE thought and I've ſaid it, ſin I were a boy,
That what folks get at eaſy they never enjoy,
Why I was the ſame, at what's homely I'd ſcoff,
But how fine if it cometh a good many miles off;
So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to ſee the great town,
Where they puſh'd me and throng'd me, all one as a fair,
Then they'd titter and ſnigger, and laugh, then I'd ſwear:
Why Bumpkin, didſt ever ſee ſuch finery as this,
In your place, cried a monkey in trowſers—why yes;
You'd your joke, maſter coxcomb, and now I'll have mine,
I've ſeen peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine;
So I left maſter whiffle, and whiſtled along,
Then humm'd to myſelf the fag end of a ſong:

CHORUS.

The good that we wiſh for mayn't match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom who are pleas'd with their lot;
And to whatever place diſcontented folks roam,
At laſt they'll be forc'd to ſay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it home's home, be it ever ſo homely.

So ſince for ſtrange ſights I to town took my range,
Faith I zeed ſights in plenty, and all of them ſtrange;
I zeed folks roll in riches that pleaſure ne'er knew,
And I zeed honeſt poverty rich as a Jew,
Time and oft dreſt lamb faſhion, I zeed an old ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as ſmart as her beau;
I zeed beauty and virtue that never knew ſhame,
And I zeed vice careſs'd under modeſty's name;
I zeed a fine head dreſs, worth more than the head,
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead;
I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags,
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And ſtill through the crowd as I whiſtled along,
I humm'd to myſelf the ſag end of a ſong:

The good, &c.

But what zicken'd me moſt was, one day in the Park,
As the guns were all firing, a queer looking ſpark,
Cried, what nonſenſe and ſtuff, with their fuſs and parade,
Stuff and nonſenſe, ſaid I, Oh! what's that that you ſaid?
Why they fire for victory, and you have your choice,
To go home, or with all honeſt ſubjects rejoice:
Mighty well, cried my ſpark; but a word in your ear,
The affairs of the nation are curſedly queer;
Nay, 'tis true, we're done up, 'twill be ſeen by and by.
How much did they give you to catch me, ſaid I;

The

The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
And they that don't like it, why, dom't, let 'em leave it;
So I left my queer ſpark, and went whiſtling along
Then I humm'd to myſelf the fag end of a ſong:
The good, &c.

THE THRIFTY WIFE,

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mr. Dignum.

I AM a cheerful fellow, although a married man,
And in this age of folly purſue a ſaving plan;
Tho' wives are thought expenſive, yet who can live alone?
Then ſince they are DEAR creatures, 'tis beſt to have but one,
My choice diſcovers clearly my prudence and my taſte,
I've a very little wife, with a very little waiſt.

Marriage is a draught we take for better or for worſe,
And wiſe is he who can prevent the drafts upon his purſe;
But evils are much leſſen'd when wives are well inclin'd,
For if they come acroſs us they ſhape them to our mind:
If matters are well manag'd no need to be ſtrait lac'd,
You may with little danger, increaſe the little waiſt.

Tho' ſpouſy's ſo diſcreet, ſtill each faſhion ſhe'll diſplay,
Her boſom, heaven bleſs her, is as open as the day;
Her garment (may I venture a new ſimile to beg)
Hangs looſely from her ſhoulders, like a gown upon a peg;
Yet, fearful of expences, ſhe ſhortens it tho' ſmall,
And if ſhe goes on ſhort'ning there'll be no waſte at all.

THE LITTLE WAIST DEFENDED.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

IN defence of her ſex, ſure a woman may ſpeak,
Pray what is it now that you men would be at,
Do you think that we mind each occaſion you ſeek,
To laugh at our dreſs, little waiſts, and all that?
No, don't Sirs believe it, ſuch nonſenſe muſt fall,
Convinc'd when we look but a moment about us,
That whether we're all waiſt, or no waiſt at all,
You can't for the life of you, men, do without us.

'Tis ſilly to ſport with our fancies and dreſs,
When we can ſubdue ye whenever we pleaſe;
For ſure we've the power you all muſt confeſs,
To make you aſk pardon for that on your knees:
Then prithee, dear Sirs, leave our ſhort waiſts alone,
'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it, don't doubt us,
So give over your jeſting, and candidly own,
You can't for the life of you, men, do without us.
And whether, &c.

That women have tongues, I believe you well know,
But pray do not force us to put them in uſe,
For ſure if you give them but freedom to go,
You'll find a hard thing for to ſtop their abuſe.
Beſides, look at home, on the dreſs of yourſelves,
With your ſpencers and pantaloons flocking about us,
But I tell you again, O ye confident elves!
You can't for the life of you, men, do without us.
And whether, &c.

FAL

Then cheriſh Love's variety,
In ſpight of every ſneering elf,
We're nature's children, and 'ent ſhe,
In change, variety itſelf?
Her clouds and ſtorms are willed by fate,
More bright to ſhew her radient ſun;
Hail then, bleſt wedlock! in whoſe ſtate
Men find Variety in One.

LUCY GRAY OF ALLENDALE.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Maſter Phelps.

O HAVE you ſeen the bluſhing roſe,
The blooming pink or lily pale,
Fairer than any flower that blows
Was Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Penſive and ſad, by brae and burn,
Where oft the nymph they uſed to hail,
The ſhepherds now are heard to mourn
For Lucy Gray of Allendale.

With her to join the rural dance,
Far have I ſtray'd o'er hill and vale,
Where pleas'd each ruſtic ſtole a glance
At Lucy Gray of Allendale.

'Twas underneath the hawthorn ſhade,
Where firſt I told the tender tale,
But now low lays the tender maid,
Sweet Lucy Gray of Allendale.

Bleak blows the wind, keen beats the rain,
Upon my cottage in the vale!
Long may I mourn! a lonely ſwain,
For Lucy Gray of Allendale.

REMEMBER

REMEMBER JACK.

A favorite Ballad, ſung by Mr. Fawcit.

WHEN ſcarce a hand-ſpike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do?—Dam'me,
But I pikes it off to ſea.
Says I to ſweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
We'll laugh and ſing tol de rol lol,
If not—Remember Jack.

I'd fortune ſmooth and rough;
The wind would chop and veer,
'Till hard knocks I'd nab'd enough
On board a pivateer;
Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack,
So was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
And 'twas—Pray remember Jack.

I ax't as folks hove by,
And ſhew'd my wooden pin,
Young girls would ſometimes ſigh,
And gaping lubbers grin;
In vain I'd often bawl
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my ſhare of coppers ſmall,
So pray Remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
And togs all tatter d grown,
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
Well rigg'd, a bearing down,
'Twas Poll, ſhe look'd ſo ſpruce,
What thus! ſays ſhe, come back,
My tongue forgot its uſe,
And pray Remember Jack.

What

FAL LAL LA.

A FAVORITE AIR, SUNG BY MRS. BLAND, IN THE CHEROKEE.

I SHEPHERD lov'd a nymph ſo fair, Fal lal la, &c.
And thus his paſſion did declare, Fal lal la, &c.
For thee dear maid I long in vain
Have ſigh'd, nor ventur'd to complain—
O! now conſent to eaſe my pain,
Fal lal la, &c.

For thee I'll cull each early ſweet—Fal lal la, &c.
To lay their treaſures at thy feet—Fal lal la, &c.
Each varied flow'r that decks the Spring,
To yield their beauties I will bring,
While o'er thy head each bird ſhall ſing,
Fal lal la, &c.

O! could I gain that tender heart—Fal lal, la, &c.
We'd join—again no more to part—Fal lal la, &c.
With thee I'd tread the daſied mead,
To view the herds and flocks at feed,
And home at eve thy footſteps lead,
Fal lal la, &c.

With bluſhing ſweetneſs, thus the maid—Fal lal la, &c.
His honeſt paſſion briet repaid—Fal lal la, &c.
I long, dear youth, thy love have known,
By ev'ry tender kindneſs ſhewn,
Then take my hand my heart's your own,
Fal lal la, &c.

VARIETY IN ONE.

Written and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

IN one thou'dſt find variety,
Cried Dick, wouldſt thou on wedlock fix,
I rather ſhould expect, cried I,
Variety in five or ſix.
But never was thy counſel light,
I'll do't, my friend, ſo ſaid, ſo done,
I'm noos'd in life, and Dick was right,
I find Variety in One.

Her tongue has more variety
Than muſic's ſyſtem can embrace;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double baſe;
Diviſions, runs, and thrills and ſhakes,
Enough the noiſy ſpheres to ſtun;
Thus, as harſh diſcord muſic makes,
I find Variety in One.

Her dreſs boaſts ſuch variety,
Such forms, materials, faſhions, hues,
Each animal muſt plundered be,
From Ruſſian Bears to Cockatoos;
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
Now ſhe's a gipſey, now a nun,
To change, like the Cameleon, prone,
En't this Variety in One.

In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
If ſhe's a thunder ſtorm to me,
So I'm an April day to her:
Devil and angel, black and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
And kiſs and ſcold, and love and fight,
Each finds Variety in One.

Then

What matters much to prate,
She'd ſhiner's ſav'd a few ;
Soon I became her mate,
War'nt Poll a ſweetheart true.
Then a friend, I'd ſarv'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remember'd Jack.

So what, tho' I loſt my leg,
It ſeem'd to fortune mend,
And was forc'd, d'ye ſee, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend,
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
My ſhipmate, juſt come back,
Then laugh and ſing tol de rol lol,
And pray Remember Jack.

THE EXILE.

Tune—*The Deſponding Negro.*

TORN from my country afar on the ocean,
Toſt on the rude waves, in the ſtorm's wild commotion,
I fly from the land where nature and truth,
Attended like parents the days of my youth.

CHORUS.

Remember a Patriot,
Remember a Patriot,
Remember a Patriot,
And learn to be free.

From the arms of my friends, and the ſmiles of relations,
From the ſolace of life, and the bliſs of creation,

I was

I was caſt in a dungeon, where tyranny's gloom
Transform'd into comforts the ſhroud and the tomb.

The ſweet prattling child, who ſickneſs and ſorrow
Would cheer and ſupport the faint hopes of the morrow,
Was deny'd, e'en to mingle the laſt ſigh of deſpair,
Or to part life's affection, bedew'd with a tear.

In virtue's fair cauſe my life was exerted,
For laws miſapply'd, and freedom perverted,
'Till dragg'd to a priſon, my liberty flown,
Through my country's ſad ſlav'ry I ſuffer'd my own.

Yet why ſhould I weep, ſince the patriots glory,
Adorns the effects of humanity's ſtory;
No abſence can conquer fair liberty's glow,
And the triumph of truth crowns the feelings of woe.

You wretch, who high-thron'd on the ſhackles of nations,
May provoke the contempt of a patriot's patience,
But the day is not diſtant when depriv'd of the reins,
He'll ſigh for my fetters, and envy my chains.

Then proceed, honeſt friends, in freedom's promotion,
Let the grand corps of truth move in regular motion,
United and firm, in the fair face of day,
And deſirous alone what is juſt to diſplay.

IRISH DRINKING SONG.

OF the ancients its ſpeaking my ſoul you'd be better,
Dat they never got—how come you ſo?
Would you ſeriouſly make the good folks die with laughter?
To be ſure their dog's tricks we don't know.

CHORUS.

Wid your ſmalliliow nonſenſe, and all your queer bodderns,
Since whiſky's a liquor divine;
To be ſure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a ſly ſup of good wine.

Apicius and Æſop, as authors aſſure us,
Would ſwig till as drunk as a beaſt,
Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feaſt?
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could ſubdue,
Shed tears to be ſure, but 'twas the tears of the tankard
To refreſh him—and pray would not you?
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Ariſtotle,
Such a devil of a tipler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of the bottle,
The taef ſtagger'd into the ſea.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a libation,
Which, as all authority quotes,
They threw on the ground, muſha what boderation,
To be ſure 'twas not thrown down their throats.
Wid your ſmalliliow, &c.

COTCHELIN

COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.

COTCHELIN ſat all alone,
Not a ſoul beſide her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her,
His pipes, which ſhe'd been uſed to hear,
Careleſs left behind him,
She thought ſhe'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again ſhe'd find him.

CHORUS.

'Twill not do, you loodle loo,
Arrah now be aeſy,
Tad was born with grief to make,
Cotchelin run crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down,
And now her boſom panting,
And now ſhe'd ſigh and now ſhe'd frown,
Caze why? dere's ſomething wanting:
And now ſhe plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his favourite ſtrain,
Arrah be aeſy Paddy.
Ah 'twill not do, &c.

Taddy from behind a buſh,
Where he had long been liſtening,
Now like light'ning forth did ruſh,
His eyes with pleaſure gliſtening;
Snatching up his pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleaſure,
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did meaſure.
Ah well will do, this loodle loo,
Arrah now be aeſy,
Tad was born with joy to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

THE

THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Sung by Mrs. JORDAN.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour oppreſt,
All mortals enjoy the ſweet bleſſing of reſt,
A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noiſe,
Who is it, I ſaid, that my reſt thus deſtroys?

He anſwer'd ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, and mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child,
'Tis a cold rainy night, and I'm wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way, ſo pray let me in.

In compaſſion I roſe, and ſtriking a light,
I open'd a door, when a boy ſtood in ſight,
He had wings on his ſhoulders, the rain from them dript,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was equipt.

I ſtirr'd up my fire, ſet him down by my ſide,
And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd,
I chaf'd him all over, to keep out the cold air,
And wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

No ſooner from wet and from cold he found eaſe,
Then he took up the bow, and ſaid, ma'am, if you pleaſe,
I would fain, with your leave, by experiment know
If the rain has not damag'd the ſtrings of my bow.

Then ſtraight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, and twang went the yew,
My bow is undamag'd, ſaid he, and my dart,
And you ſhall find trouble in bearing the ſmart.

A PARODY ON—THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE—IN ZORINSKI.

AT the dead of the night, when by whiſky inſpir'd,
And pretty Kitty Flannigan my ſenſes had fir'd,
I tap'd at her window, when thus ſhe began,
"What the devil are you at? get out you naughty man."

I gave a look, oh, as ſly as thief;
Or when hungry I'd view a fine ſirloin of beef:
"My heart is red hot, ſays I, but cold is my ſkin;
"So, dear Mrs. Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in?

She op'ning the door, I ſat down by the fire,
And ſoon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire:
And I pleas'd her ſo mightily, that 'ere it was day,
I ſtole poor Kitty's tender heart, and ſo I trip'd away.

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN.

THE world's a good thing, ah! how ſweet and delicious
The bliſs and delight it contains,
De'l a pleaſure but joy fortune crams in your diſhes,
Except a few torments and pains;
Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink ſo inviting,
Where each toper each care ſweetly drowns,
When your friends ye ſo cheriſh, ſo love and delight in,
Except when you're cracking their crowns.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sing diddero whack! take the good with the bad,
And put round the claret and ſherry,
If the cares of this life did not make us ſo ſad,
'Twould be eaſy enough to be merry.

Then a wife's a good thing, ſure to charm and content you,
To cheriſh and love you ſhe's born,
Showering joys on your brow like the Goddeſs of Plenty,
So ſweet, juſt excepting the horn;
Arrah! faith the dear law a nice good thing to truſt is,
Juſt your all to its mercy devote,
You'll be ſure to get bed, board, and cloathing from juſtice,
Except when ſhe ſtrips off your coat.
Sing diddero whack!

Then a place is a good thing, when the loaves and the fiſhes
So neatly are handed about,
Where you turn when you're in till you get all your wiſhes,
Except when they're turning you out;
Then fame's a good thing its trump ſounds ſo glorious,
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious,
Except when they're ſnug in the grave.
Sing diddero whack!

Then a friend's a good thing, ah! he ſooths all your ſorrows,
And ſoftens each care of your life,
And nothing kind ſoul in return ever borrows,
Except juſt your purſe or your wife;
By compariſon then, ſince each good thing's a treaſure,
As the ſoil ſhews the diamond's true glare,
Let us always in life cheriſh only the pleaſure,
Except when we're taſting the care.

THE NEW RUSH-LIGHT.

Written by G. NUGENT REYNOLDS, Eſq.

IN the gay domains of France, where the graces trip and lis, ſir,
A wond'rous light aroſe, like unto Will O'Wiſp, ſir,
This light it ſhone as bright as Moſes' famous buſh-light,
Yet the Emperor of Germany ſaid it was but a ruſh-light.

CHORUS.

And he puff'd at the ruſh-light,
The little Gallic ruſh-light,
But all that he could do
He could not blow out the ruſh-light.

His crafty Pruſſian neighbour rejoic'd at the reſiſtance,
Affected to lend his aid, but kept aloof his diſtance,
For tho' he ſcrew'd the bayonet on, yet he reſolv'd not to puſh light.
And puny was the puff he blew in putting out the ruſh-light,
When he, &c.

The tygreſs of the north, is fam'd for ſpoil & plunder,
Whoſe eyes can ſend forth lightning, and whoſe voice is loud as thunder,
With her petticoats ſhe rais'd a wind, ſhe ſurely thought muſt cruſh light,
But it only ſerv'd to fan the flame that iſſu'd from the ruſh-light.
Thus ſhe, &c.

Mynheer Von Vrans, from Amſterdam, reſolved to join ranks, ſir,
For this light ſpread ſo far and wide he fear'd 'twould burn the bank, ſir,
He ſwore in all his born days he never ſaw ſuch light,
And retreating, blew a Parthian blaſt to put out the ruſh-light.
And he, &c.

The

The Pope was much alarmed to behold this ſcene of
ſlaughter,
And thought to put it out by a ſquirt of holy-water;
He ſaid the French were blinded becauſe they had too
much light,
And with bell, book, and candle he curſt the little
ruſh-light,
And he, &c.

The Don he curl'd his whiſkers, and the little king of
Naples, ſir,
And the crazy queen of Portugal did more than ſhe
was able, ſir,
With a hoſt of foes from Piedmont determin'd for to
cruſh light,
Tho' they were blowing ever ſince, they'd not blow
out the ruſh-light.
And they, &c.

With the blood of Britain in his veins, at length a
naval hero,
Determin'd to exterminate each democratic Nero,
As the ſun puts out the ſtars, ſo Howe put out the
ruſh-light.
And he puff'd at the ruſh-light,
He thunder'd at the ruſh-light,
And the ſun, genuine liberty, eclips'd the Gallic
ruſh-light.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Sung by Mrs. DIBDIN.

AS bleſſings to huſbands each wife ſure was ſent;
And 'tis their fault, alone, if revers'd the intent;
With kindneſs alone our affections they gain,
And by that, only that, they our hearts will retain.

You know we're good-humour'd, obliging and kind,
And while you condeſcend, ſtill obedient inclin'd;
But how vain the attempt, tho' all efforts you try,
To oppoſe ſuch meek wives, for we'll conquer or die.
When once we're enraged, and in combat engag'd,
We'll have the laſt word, for we'll conquer or die.

Believe then our proverb, none truer you'll find,
All women by nature to rule are inclin'd;
And when join'd in wedlock, for better or worſe,
Ev'ry where be aſſur'd the grey mare's the beſt horſe.

HAWKING.

SUNG IN THE MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE.

HEIGHO! heigho! the morning is up,
And the gallant falconers abroad;
We've each of us had a ſtirruping cup,
And of game we will bring home a load.
Uncouple the ſpaniels, and let the dogs try,
See the patridge there on the wing;
Quick, quick, jolly falconer, let the hawks fly,
'Tis a pleaſure fit for a King.
Then MARK the SWIFT HAWK, ſee him now make his ſtoop,
Ah! down goes the game, call him then "La Leup."

Barons of old, and princes high,
Lov'd hawking as their lives;
The health of the field and the falconer's cry,
Drown'd even the pipes of their wives.
Our hawks they are a gallant ſhow,
With rings and feathers ſo fine;
The falconer laughs at the ſports below,
And cries, "the air is mine."
What ſportſman to joys then inferior would ſtoop,
When the ſummit of ſporting is hawking "La Leup."

THE

THE BUCKS.

THEN, after thoſe good folks we queer'd,
We boldly to the Garden ſteer'd ;
Cou'd we, as Bucks, be quiet ?
Here, waiter, bring us gen'rous wine,
The morning-ſun begins to ſhine,
For we'll kick up a riot.

Come then, my lads, your bumpers fill,
Old time ye know, Choice Spirits kill ;
Our joys the gods ſurpaſſes ;
To keep it up we're boys of ſpunk,
And when eclips'd and ſoundly drunk,
We'll bruiſe the bowls and glaſſes.

But while we of our proweſs boaſt,
Shall Bloods forget the girls to toaſt ?
Dame Venus ſhe demands it.
With three-times three, I'll give you this,
" The joy of kings the beggar's bliſs ;"
Great Bacchus he commands it.

SEA SONG.

YE Britiſh youths who dangers brave,
When riding on the mounting wave,
Ye guardians of old England's fame,
Aſſert, aſſert your country's claim.

CHORUS.

Our Tars, ſo fam'd in ſtory,
Will ſooner die than baſely fly,
And tarniſh Britain's glory.

Proud France ſhall long attempt in vain
Upon the azure ſea to reign :
She fain would Albion's birth-right ſeize,
And wield the trident of the ſeas.

Our Tars, &c.

This

This trident is great George's right,
Confirm'd by many a hardy fight;
And they who wreſt the ſame away
Muſt fight in blood from day to day.
Old Tars, &c.

THE DOCTRINE OF AN ISRAELITE.

BY MR. COLLINS.

I ONCE was but a pedlar and my ſhop was in my box,
So ſure as I'm a ſmouſh, and my name is Mordecai;
And I cheated all the world, in ſpite of whipping-poſts or ſtocks,
As I never ſticks for trifles when there's monies in in the way:
I had good gold rings of copper gilt, and ſo I got my bread,
With ſealing-wax of brick-duſt, and pencils without lead.
In my pick pack, nick nack, tick tack, gimcrack, twinklum, twinklum de,
And ſing ting a ring ting, the clink to chink---O! its the muſic ſtill for me.

To make up goods the cheaper ſome people ſteal the ſtuff,
And by ſelling of good bargains they never want for trade;
But I could always find a way to ſell them cheap enough,
As you know 'tis quite as eaſy for to ſteal them ready made:
And tho' I am no chriſtian, I ſhould think it a great ſin,
If a ſtranger come acroſs me, and I did'nt take him him.
With my pick pack, &c.

Or

Or ſuppoſe I do the buſineſs of a doctor or a prieſt,
And in want of my aſſiſtance, a poor man ſends for me;
As in doing of my duty---to myſelf, I mean at leaſt,
If I ſpy'd a good fat piece of pork, and he could give no fee;
He may think I would refuſe it, bleſs my ſoul he was miſtaken,
I could ſell it, if not eat it, ſo that wouldn't ſave his bacon.
In my pick pack, &c.

Or if I was a lawyer, or a juſtice of the peace,
Whenever proſecutors bring a thief before the bench;
If they ſwear upon the book till they're all black in the face,
Let the priſoner uſe good arguments, a fig for evidence;
But if the rogue was pennyleſs, my work I would go through,
As my conſcience wouldn't let me rob the gallows of its due.
With my pick pack, &c.

Or ſuppoſe I was in parliament ſuch ſchemes I would propoſe,
So ſure as I'm a ſmouch, and my name is Mordecai;
Would be like the little plough-boy, to ſell my Ayes and Noes,
As I never ſticks for trifles when there's monies in the way;
And before I would ſtand out where there's plenty of the pelf,
If the Devil was the purchaſer, d——n me, I'd ſell myſelf.
With my pick pack, &c.

THOU

THOU TOLD'ST ME, DEAR PERFIDIOUS MAID.

Written by PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*

THOU told'ſt me, dear perfidious maid,
That ſpring ſhould loſe her varied bloom,
That Cynthia's ſilv'ry beam ſhould fade,
And Sol no more the world illume;
When thou the pride of ev'ry grove,
Should ceaſe to bleſs me with thy love.

Spring boaſts her bloom, and Cynthia's rays
Still chaſe the ſolemn ſhades of night,
Whilſt Sol with undiminiſh'd blaze
Pours on the globe his golden light:
And yet! my trembling lips declare
That thou art falſe as thou art fair.

But ſome will ſay, "Ah! ſilly ſwain,
How dares thy love to her aſpire;
For whom a thouſand ſigh in vain,
And kindle with a hopeleſs fire?"
I own the folly, but what breaſt
Swells not with wiſhes to be bleſt!

SINCE LIFE's A JESTr

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

SINCE life's a jeſt, we'll jeſt at life,
And make a jeſt of ſorrow;
For why ſhould we, 'gainſt life's decree,
Be thoughtful oft o-morrow?

At jeſt we laugh, then laugh at life,
For life is but a jeſt;
And he who loves and laughs the moſt,
Is he who lives the beſt.

THE

THE HEIRESS—STOLE AWAY.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN.

WHO hunt after fortune attend,
And ye who make beauty your game,
To me your attention pray lend,
I'm an Heireſs of fortune and fame:
An Heireſs! hark forward, they cry,
Purſu'd by the young and the old;
O'er hedges and ditches they fly,
To come within view of my gold:
While I, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
Stole away, they all cry, ſtole away!

An Iriſh young huntſter gave chace,
O dear! but he'd make me his wife;
Or 'twould be, when dead, my ſad caſe,
To lead little apes all my life;
An Heireſs! hark forward, his cry,
No danger his love ſhould diſmay;
After breaking his neck, he would try
To hunt me to death his own way:
While I like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
Stole away, they all cry, ſtole away!

But I've a young man in my eye,—
Not you, Sir, no, no, Sir, nor you;
On him I may ſafely rely
He keeps me at all times in view:
An Heireſs! hark forward, they cry;
Yet that had no power to charm;
'Twas love I'll not ſtrive to deny,
A love that was gen'rous and warm.
I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,
When ſhe firſt hears the horn's diſtant lay,
Start, double, and run without care,
Stole away, they'll cry, ſtole away!

THE

THE WAITER.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT.

AT the very beſt of houſes, where the beſt of people dine;
And the very beſt of eatables they cater,
Give the very beſt of ſpirits, and decant the beſt of wine,
I attend as a merry, merry waiter.
Then a table-cloth can ſpread,
And decant my white and red—
Manage matters to a charm,
With my napkin under arm,
Can a ſkin-flint or a jolly fellow tell—
Know whether they'll come down
A whole tizzy or a crown,
So I treat them as I find them, ill or well.
And when noiſy, roaring, drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries Coming.

Going in, Madam—Coming up, Sir—D—n the bells, they're all ringing at once—"Coming, Coming."

In their very beſt of meetings why I always likes to ſhare,
Whole bottles ſometimes broke; why then I ſnack it;
In that I'm quite at home, for it travels you know where,
Sally Chambermaid and I ſlily crack it.
She a little fortune's made,
Juſt by making warm a bed,
So I think it not amiſs,
Now and then to ſnatch a kiſs,
For you know I likes Sally very well,
So hob-nobbing as we chat,
Looking loving, and all that,
In our ears they're ever ringing ſuch a peal;
Miſtreſs, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries, Coming, coming.

John,

John, Devil ſome biſcuits, and take 'em up to the Angel—Tom, take care of No. 21—I ſhall take care of No. 1, myſelf.—"Coming, coming."

A ſnipe there once was order'd, ſuch an article we'd not,
Yet to diſappoint a cuſtomer, unwilling,
A plover was ſerv'd up—the gemman ſwore no bill 't had got,
Says I ſwallow it, I'll ſoon bring the bill in.
Thus I joke and gaily talk,
While poor maſter jokes with chalk,
And will jingling glaſſes drink,
While I jingle in the chink,
'Cod he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell?
Sally miſtreſs then is made,
Up to every ſervant's trade,
We are certain ſure your honours to do well.
Briſk and buſy, no hum-drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries Coming, coming.

James, take care of No. 4, and ſee that Sam Cellarman ſends up prick'd bottles—they're a ſhabby ſet, and we may never ſee them again. Mrs. Napkin, ſhew my Lord to the Star and Garter, and Lawyer Latitat to the Devil. He's going there himſelf, Sir, he knows the way very well.—"Coming, coming."

AIR.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND—IN THE CHEROKEE.

THE fields their wonted hues reſume,
The hawthorns bluſh with fragrant bloom;
With ſongs the groves are gay;
While anſwering to the vocal vale,
The prattling riv'lets ſeem to hail
The ſmiles of gentle May.

With rapture all the rural ſwains
See winter vaniſh from the plains,
And tune to love the lay.
The rural maids their ſongs approve,
For well they know that happieſt love
Is made in life's ſweet May.

TOASTS.

HERE's the Roſy God of wine;
Pledge me from the bowl divine,
Here's to mighty Thund'ring Jove:
And to Venus, Queen of Love.
'Zounds ſhall jolly mortals miſs
The joys of kings, the beggar's bliſs?

AN IRISH SONG.

OF a great, well known family, near Tipperary,
Who trotted a pole, who ſhouldr'd a hod,
I was ſprung, and ſo thinking the proſpect to vary,
Left my old ancient anceſtors home to the ſod,
So a twiſt of the brogue I determin'd to alter,
And *ſpake* native Engliſh genteely of courſe;
And if bred up a foreigner why ſhould I falter?
Tho' born in a ſtable a man a'nt a horſe.

To be hir'd as a footman I'd fix'd it completely,
To a great man, who hated a tight Iriſh lad,
And wou'd not keep a ſervant but talk'd Engliſh neatly
If the devil a one upon earth could be had.
What are you? ſays he—Why an Engliſhman honey,
Where born?—Why in Ireland of courſe.
That can't be!—It can, Sir, I'll bet any money,
Tho' born in a ſtable a man a'nt a horſe.

He

He gab'd and he chatter'd his Cockneyſhire blarney,
Bade me and my brogue to the devil go roam;
Says I, if Bow-bells was the lake of Killarney,
The devil a Cockney wou'd be born at home.
Cries he, you pronounce neither one thing or 'tother:
Bawls I, I've a tongue ſure, for better or worſe;
'Bout *pronuncification* then why make a bother,
Tho' born in a ſtable a man a'nt a horſe.

At laſt all the innkeepers wherever I enter'd,
Bawl'd, "Put down potatoes," by way of diſgrace.
Where, the *bother*, thinks I, can their knowledge be center'd?
By my ſoul they muſt ſee I've the brogue in my face.
So tho' I talk'd Engliſh ſo native and eaſy,
My plump Iriſh features betray me of courſe,
Tho' I've prov'd to their faces as neat as a daiſy,
Tho' born in a ſtable, a man a'nt a horſe.

THE BOWL.

Tune——Life's like a Sea.

FILL the bowl with ſparkling nectar,
Joy and pleaſures reign to-day;
O'er a flaſk here Bacchus lecture,
Roſy god for ever gay.
Fleeting moments, how delighting,
When true wiſdom we define,
Mirth and friendſhip here inviting,
By the learned held divine.

While with cares we're vainly ſtriving,
On the buſy ſtage of life;
Plotting, planning, ſchemes contriving,
Overwhelm'd in ſeas of ſtrife;

The

The flowing bumper wit inſpiring,
Checks the force of fortune's frown,
The bottle's mental charms deſiring,
Makes the nauſeous draught go down.

Since the world is all a bubble,
Jolly mortals bumpers fill;
Sons of folly pine at trouble,
Wine can all vexation kill.
The ſong, the toaſt, the glee, ſo merry,
Animates each jovial ſoul,
With claret, port, champaigne and ſherry,
We enjoy the flowing bowl.

LOVE, THOU STRANGE CAPRICIOUS BOY!

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mr. Dignum.

LOVE, thou ſtrange, capricious boy!
Source of ſorrow, ſource of joy,
Tell me why delight is flown,
From a boſom all your own.
From this heart, which owns thy ſway,
Bid keen ſorrow far away.
Hope again and joy replace,
Love, to fill thy dwelling place.

Grief o'erwhelms my conſtant breaſt,
Sorrow fills the ſeat of love,
Cupid gives this boſom reſt,
Killing doubts and fears remove.
From this heart, &c.

If my fair one, by a ſmile,
Sorrow of its ſting beguile,
Why then love ſo froward be,
Since a frown is death to me.
From this heart, &c.

BANISTER's

BANISTER's ENTERTAINING MEDLEY.

CEASE rude Boreas, bluſt'ring taylor,
Liſt ye watchmen all to me,
Brother ſoldiers hear a ſailor ſing
—I was, d'ye ſee, a lighterman,
As great a rogue as any;
From Horſely-down to Kentiſh-town
—I ſail'd from Graveſend in the Nancy,
My jib, how it ſmack'd thro' the
—Virgins, when ſoften'd by May,
Attend to the villager's vows;
The birds ſweetly bill
—When Britons firſt at heav'n's command,
Aroſe, aroſe from off the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung
—Murdoch O'Blaney, and Jenny O'Donnelly,
Both together went ſeperate to threſh in a barn,
He laid her
—All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came on board
—At Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there ſtill,
Much riches and wealth did not fall to
—The whiſtling plowman hails the bluſhing morn,
The thruſh melodious drowns—
The mind of a woman can never be known,
You never can gueſs—
When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindneſs and good-nature—
Not drunk, nor yet ſober, but brother to both,
I met a young laſs upon Aileſbury-vale;
I ſaw in her face, ſhe was in good caſe,
To go and take ſhare of ſome brandy and ale.

ROSY

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mr. Dignum.

ROSY wine is the key that will open the heart,
And the breaſt will be true that it mellows;
When drunk we deſpiſe all baſe falſehood or art,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs the jingling glaſs,
Ding dong, till we are mellow;
Let every man do all he can
To be an honeſt fellow.

The lawyer ſo grave for his client will plead,
And with unbluſhing front againſt equity bellows,
The key once applied, owns he doubly was feed,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

The lover who vows for his fair one he dies,
When wine, roſy wine, his boſom once mellows,
Will own that her gold is more bright than her eyes,
For in liquor were all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

Then if liquor can baniſh all art and deceit,
And the heart will be true that it mellows,
Let us toſs off large bumpers whenever we meet,
For in liquor we're all honeſt fellows.
Then quickly paſs, &c.

CHEVY

CHEVY CHACE.

SUNG AT SADLER'S WELLS.

LITTLE elves, where'er unſeen
By mortal eyes ye nightly trip,
And ſprightly on the moonlight green,
From acorn cups, the dew-drops ſip,
Hither, Fairies, quick aſcend;
Here my ſov'reign power attend;
Here to gallant Percy ſhow
The ſtory of his lady's woe.
Leave your ſports, obey my will;
And in a thought the taſk fulfil.

HOW GAILY ROLLED THE MOMENTS ON.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS.

By Mrs. Franklin.

HOW gaily roll'd the moments on,
When Sandy woo'd me ilka day,
But a' that fleeting joy is gone,
Since war has preſs'd him far away.
In vain the ſhepherds pipe and ſing,
The blooming maidens dance in vain,
Till peaceful time ſhall Sandy bring,
To mingle in the happy train:
Tho' blitheſome are the rural ſwains,
Who grace the flowery banks of Tay,
Yet none of them with a' their pains,
Seem half ſo bonny, blithe, and gay.

When

When dreſt in plaid of tartan bra',
With garters dic'd beneath his knee,
So ſmart a lad you never ſaw,
And O! how neat he look'd to me!
Whene'er he drove his ſheep and kye,
To ſell them at the triſte or fair,
Kind Sandy never fail'd to buy
A roll of ribbons for my hair;
But now his flocks of late ſae glad,
His lambs that wont to ſkip and play,
Methinks are unco' dull and ſad,
Since war hath preſs'd him far away.

Ye fair, decreed in ſtate to ſhine,
Your wealth and pomp I envy not;
Be lairds your choice—but Sandy's mine,
With him to ſhare a lowly cot.
My boſom no ambition knows,
That veſtal maids may not impart;
It from as pure a paſſion flows,
As ever warm'd a lover's heart.
Oft muſing near yon verdant birk,
I long to ſee the happy day,
When he ſhall lead me to the kirk,
And ne'er again gang far away.

FAVORITE GLEE.

WHEN ſweetly ſounds the lively horn,
And ſweetly ſmiles the chearful morn,
From Tiviot-dale to Cheviot-hills
The hunter's cry each valley fills;
And echo, more our ſports to grace,
Reſounds the joys of Chevy Chace.

NEW

NEW FIVE AND TWENTY FIDDLERS.

BY PETER PINDAR.

FIVE and twenty Fiddlers all of a row,
Five and twenty Fiddlers all of a row,
There was fiddle fiddle, treble baſs
And double, ſtop ſhort, flats and ſharps.

CHORUS.

It is Bet Jenks's birth-day,
Therefore we'll keep holiday,
We come for to be merry.

Five and twenty Bird-catchers, all of a row, &c.
With their bullfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches,
And all the finches in the world.
It is Bet Jenks's, &c.

Five and twenty Doctors all of a row, &c.
Bleed 'em, bliſter 'em, kill 'em, clyſter 'em,
Pill, purge, and bolus. Quack! quack! quack! quack!
It is Bet Jenk's, &c.

Five and twenty Butchers all of a row, &c.
With rumps and buttocks, veal chops, mutton chops,
Lamb chops, and all ſorts of chops.
Vont bate a Fardin,
It is Bet Jenk's, &c.

Five and twenty Grocers all on a row, &c.
Coffee, tea, and ſouchong,
Sir, can you ſing a ſong.
It is Bet Jenks, &c.

Five and twenty ſeamen all of a row, &c.
With their grog and flip, ſtarboard here, larboard there,
Up lubbers, down hammocks.
It is Bet Jenk's, &c.

There

There was fiddle fiddle, treble baſs,
And double, ſtop ſhort, flats and ſharps,
With their bullfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches,
And all the finches in the world,
Bleed 'em, bliſter 'em, kill 'em, clyſter 'em,
Pill, purge, and bolus 'em. Quack! quack! quack!
With rumps and buttocks, veal chops, mutton chops,
Lamb chops, and all ſorts of chops,
Vont bate a farding.
Coffee, tea, and ſouchong,
Sir, can you ſing a ſong?
It is Bet Jenk's birth-day,
Therefore we will keep holiday,
We come for to be merry.

SO DEARLY I LOVE JOHNNY O.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mrs. Franklin.

YOUNG Sandy once a wooing came,
And fondly tried to gain my heart,
He ſigh'd, whene'er he own'd his flame,
But ſoon I gueſs'd his wily art;
Tho' ilka lad, in tartan plaid,
Should ca' me blythe and bonny O,
They tried in vain my heart to gain,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

Though Johnny canna' boaſt of wealth,
Contentment crowns his lowly ſtate,
His roſy cheeks denote ſweet health,
And goodneſs makes the laddie great;
In Aberdeen there ne'er was ſeen
A youth ſo blithe and bonny O,
His flatt'ring tale can a' prevail,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

The

The other morn upon the bent,
I met my lad ſo briſk and gay,
He vow'd, unleſs I'd give conſent,
He'd o'er the hills and far away;
As home he ſtray'd, his pipes he play'd,
And ſung ſo ſweet and bonny O,
I made a vow to buckle to,
So dearly I lov'd Johnny O.

S O N G.

SUNG IN NEW HAY AT THE OLD MARKET,

By Mr. BANNISTER, *jun.*

SINCE the preference we know,
Is for pageantry and ſhew,
'Twere a pity the public to balk—
And when people appear
Quite unable to hear,
'Tis undoubtedly needleſs to talk.
Let your Shakeſpeares and Johnſons go hang, go hang!
Let your Otways and Drydens go drown!
Give us but Elephants and white Bulls enough,
And we'll take in all the town.

Or if tardily, the ſound
Travels all the houſe around,
'Twixt the action and words there's a breach:
And it ſeems as if Macbeth,
Half a minute after death,
On his back, made his laſt dying ſpeech.
Let your Shakeſpeares, &c.

When on matters of ſtate,
Stage heroes debate,
Intelligence ſo ſlowly is got,

'Twere

'Twere better they began
On the new-invented plan,
And with Telegraphs tranſmit you the plot.
Let your Shakeſpeares, &c.

But our houſe here's ſo ſmall
That there's no need to bawl,
And the ſummer will rapidly paſs ;
So we hope you'll think fit
To hear the Actors a bit,
'Till the Elephants and Bulls come from graſs.
Then let Shakeſpeare and Johnſon go hang, go hang!
Let your Otways and Drydens go drown !
Give 'em but Elephants and white Bulls enough,
And they'll take in all the town.

STREW THE SWEET FLOWER.

Sung by Maſter Walſh.

O STREW the ſweet flow'r, and pluck the thorn,
And cleanſe the green turf, fair maid !
So may ſome kind hand, the ſod adorn,
When thou in thy grave art laid.
And O fleeting form of her I've loſt,
My true love O linger for me ;
Till I have deck'd our bridal bed,
And then I'll follow thee.

O ſtrew the ſweet flow'r—for now the flow'r
Of beauty is laid below :
And pluck the foul weed, becauſe no weed
Did e'er in her boſom grow.
And O fleeting, &c.

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. DAVIS, ROYAL CIRCUS.

I Am a phyſical ſnob, Sirs,
Can cure ev'ry diſeaſe very faſt!
There's no greater dab at a job, Sirs,
Than little Emanuel Laſt.
A ſon of a ſeven ſon I, Sirs,
Altho' in no chariot I rolls!
As phyſician I patch up your bodies,
As a cobler I patch up your ſoles.
With my fol de rol, &c.

Your Warwick-lane phyſic diſciples
Strut about, and look wond'rous big;
But alas! all their knowledge is plac'd
In a gold-headed cane and buſh wig.
As for me, Sir, I cures all diſtempers,
Howſomever ſo bad they may be;
But, like many of my learned brothers,
No preſcription without I've a fee.
With my, &c.

Maſter Bobby, a crop of this age,
T'other day in great haſte for me ſent,
Leſt death ſhould puſh him off life's ſtage;
So away to the Gemman I went:
I gave him a potion for ſleeping,
Which, a little while after he'd ta'en,
He was put into bed, and he ſlept, Sirs,
So ſound that he ne'er wak'd again.
With my, &c.

When my phyſical habit I quit,
As a cobler appearing to view;
I ne'er fear I each fancy ſhall hit,
If I gain approbation from you.

And when I'm at work in my ſtall,
Or in phyſical habit, I ſing,
Whether handling the potion or awl,
Like a true Briton, God ſave the King.
With my, &c.

THE CONVENT BELL.

SUNG AT THE VOCAL CONCERTS,

By Mrs. Harriſon.

WHEN wak'd by the Convent bell,
At midnight's dark and dreary hour,
I roſe my mournful beads to tell,
And think of life and love no more.
In vain I wept I bluſh to own,
I dropt the tear for him alone.

At ſober eve, or twilight grey,
The ſwelling organ's awful ſound;
Would warn the veſtals when to pray
While holy tears bedew'd the ground—
In vain I wept, I bluſh to own,
I dropt the tear for him alone.

SONGS IN THE OPERA OF THE CHEROKEE.

Performed at the Theatre-Royal, New Drury.

SONG—MR. DIGNUM.

OUR country is our ſhip dy'e ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his ſtation be,
When

When duty's call commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cauſe demands.

Among ourſelves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout;
And having nothing elſe to do,
We fairly ſcold it out;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we ſoon are friends:
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cauſe defends.

SONG—MR. SUETT.

OH, what a ſight it was to ſee,
Oh, what a din, what a glorious rattle!
And I ſo ſnug, perch'd up in a tree,
Had a bird's-eye view of the battle.

Ambition is a hero's boaſt,
Therefore I choſe ſo high a poſt.
To be calm and cool
In the midſt of a fray,
Is a hero's rule,
Then tell me pray,
Where could I be,
So cool as in a tree?
And near to the top,
I was ſafe from a pop.

Oh, what a ſight it was to ſee;
O, what a din, what a glorious rattle!
Ever give me a poſt in a tree,
With a bird's-eye view of a battle.

There were Chickſaws and Cherokees,
And Mohawks and Miamis,
And Schenectaws and Catabaws,
All with their ſachems and their ſquaws!
Oh! what a fight it was to ſee,
Oh! what a din, what a glorious rattle!
Ever give me a poſt in a tree,
With a bird's-eye view of a battle.

THE FAIR OF BRITAIN's ISLE.

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS.

By Mr. Taylor.

FILL, fill the glaſs, to Beauty charge,
And baniſh care from ev'ry breaſt,
In briſk champaigne we'll quick diſcharge
A toaſt ſhall give the wine a zeſt;
With rapt'rous love the ſoul delight,
And make e'en miſery ſmile,
The nation's ornament moſt bright,
The Fair of Britain's Iſle.

The boaſted beauties they ſurpaſs
Of France, of Italy, and Spain;
More nobly rank'd in virtue's claſs,
The world's applauſe they juſtly gain.
Circaſſia's dames no more ſhall boaſt
Their once all-conquering ſmile,
Thro' kingdoms this the future toaſt,
The Fair of Britain's Iſle.

Then join with me, ye generous Youth,
Whoſe breaſts with noble paſſion burn,
Plead with ſincerity and truth,
Nor doubt you'll meet a juſt return;

Do

Do you deſerve and they'll reward,
With faſcinating ſmile;
Then love and honor ever guard
The Fair of Britain's Iſle.

THE IRISH YOUNG CAPTAIN.

SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mrs. Franklin.

THREE lovers I boaſt that are handſome and ſmart,
And each in his turn has laid ſiege to my heart;
But when I give up to ſo bold a requeſt,
It muſt be to him that my fancy likes beſt:
Now one is a fop that doats on himſelf,
And 'tother, tho' pleaſing, is fond of his pelf;
But he that's moſt loving, courageous and free,
Is the Young Iriſh Captain, the huſband for me.

CHORUS.

With his rub a dub, row de dow, row de dow,
Rub a dub, row de dow, O the dear Creature.

My mother, now mind, intercedes for the fop,
And my father for money at nothing will ſtop;
So one is for this, and the other for that,
But neither my ſoldier will deign to look at;
And this is the reaſon, his fortune is ſmall,
Or indeed, to ſpeak plainer, he has none at all;
But ſo ſweetly he pleads, and ſo loving is he,
That the Young Iriſh Captain's the Huſband for me.
With his rub a dub, &c.

Then he whiſper'd, dear Lad, 'tother day in my ear,
Let us haſte to the church, and get married, my dear,
Oh he look'd in my face, and he ſo preſs'd my hand,
That I could not his tender entreaties withſtand;

For the bold Son of Mars ſo well acted his part,
That he forc'd me, I own, to ſurrender my heart,
So now where he marches, I'm likely to be,
For the Young Iriſh Captain's the huſband for me.
With his rub a dub, &c.

O DEARLY I LOVE SOMEBODY.

SUNG THIS SEASON, AT VAUXHALL-GARDENS,

By Mrs. Mountain.

OF all the ſwains both far and near,
Or e'er my eyes did ſee,
I love but one ſincerely dear,
And truly he loves me.
The youth is ever where I am,
And does ſo ſweetly woo,

CHORUS.

O, dearly I love ſomebody,
I do indeed love ſomebody,
But cannot, won't tell who.

If e'er ſome ſtory I deviſe,
To talk of love a bit,
My father gently chiding, cries—
"It's time enough as yet."
But my dear lad does not ſay ſo,
So kind is he and true.
O, dearly I love, &c.

The ring is bought, and better ſtill,
It's true upon my life,
The Prieſt will make us, O, he will,
Next Sunday, man and wife.
'Tis then I ſhall be made a bride,
In truth, I wiſh it too,
For dearly I love, &c.

LOVELY

LOVELY NAN.

Written and ſung by Mr. Dibdin.

SWEET is the ſhip that, under ſail,
Spreads her white boſom to the gale;
Sweet, oh ſweet's the flowing can,
Sweet to poiſe the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native ſhore;
When the boatſwain pipes the barge to man,
Sweet ſailing with a fav'ring breeze,
But oh much ſweeter than all theſe
Is Jack's delight, his Lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the North,
To ſhew of conſtancy the worth,
A curious leſſon teaches man;
The needle time may ruſt—a ſquall
Capſize the binnacle and all,
Let ſeamanſhip do all it can;
My love in worth ſhall higher riſe,
Nor time ſhall ruſt, nor ſqualls capſize,
My faith and truth to Lovely Nan.

When in the Bilboes I was penn'd,
For ſerving of a worthleſs friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ſhip performing quarantine,
Was ever ſo deſerted ſeen;
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man,
But though falſe friendſhip's ſails are furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in Lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loſs who hazard ran;
I love to take an honeſt part,
Love beauty and a ſpotleſs heart,
By manners love to ſhew the man;
To ſail through life by honour's breeze,
'Twas all along of loving theſe,
Firſt made me doat on Lovely Nan.

THE PEDLAR,

Sung by Mr. MASTERS, *at the Circus.*

MERRY laſſes draw near, I'm a Pedlar ſo gay,
Juſt pop'd here to pay you a viſit;
Commodities pleaſing and ſmart I diſplay,
Come, out with your money, where is it?

CHORUS.

What, what, pretty maidens, you all gather round
Me! how pleas'd and how ſmirking you are!
But what to admire have your pretty looks found?
Is it me, pretty maids, or my ware?
For look, I've got ribbons and laces,
And patches to ſet off your faces;
You'll look, girls, like to many graces,
When deck'd out by me, I declare.
And then I've got bugles and beads, ſuch a ſhow!
Befitting the fineſt fair lady;
Beſides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,
Now an't I ſo ſpruce in my pladdy!
With my tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol lol,
You all love a merry Scotch laddie.

Adzookers, ſly Sawney, don't look ſo demure,
If the heart of your laſs you'd be ſtealing,
You muſt purchaſe my goods—What a ſmile! now I'm ſure
'Tis with me ſhe would wiſh to be dealing.
What, what, &c.

I've tramp'd it to fairs for a few years or ſo,
And the fair round me all in a crack were;
O Lord! I'm ſo follow'd, wherever I go,
I'm oblig'd to cry, laſſes fall back there!
What, what, &c.

THE

THE

President's Companion;

OR,

COMPLEAT TOAST MASTER.

LONG may the HARMONIST ſucceſsful prove,
The ſullen brow of long-faced Care to move;
May Fame, to ſound its merits, never ceaſe,
And every year its welcome Sale increaſe,
The KING—and may he ever reign in the hearts of his people.
The QUEEN—and may ſhe ever retain the affections of her grateful ſubjects.
The PRINCE of WALES—and may he be the heir apparent to a Britiſh Crown of glory and happineſs.
The DUKE of YORK—and may he ever eſpouſe the cauſe of true liberty, and cruſh that of deſpotiſm.
Lord HOOD and the brave French Royaliſts.
May the French know HOWE ever to be the conqueror of the ſeas.
The wooden Walls of old England.
May Reaſon guide the helm when Paſſion blows the gale.
Youth without folly and age without pain.
Proviſion to the unprovided.
Judgement in the choice, and moderation in the fruition of our enjoyments.
Humility in proſperity, and fortitude in diſtreſs.
Love and the bottle—when by ſincerity we deſerve the one, and temperance the other.
Chearfulneſs, content, and competency.

May

May our endeavours always be ſucceſsful, when virtue is the end of them.

May honeſty, virtue, and genius riſe to power and honours, whilſt roguery, folly, and vice ſink into ſhame and diſgrace.

Condeſcenſion without meanneſs, and dignity without pride.

Intergity to thoſe who wear the robes of juſtice.

The harveſt of life—love, wit, and good humour.

May honeſty and induſtry never go unrewarded.

The giving hand and the forgiving heart.

May the luſtre of Monarchy never be ſullied by a degenerate nobility.

Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remember favours.

May joys multiply, and our cares decreaſe.

Prudence to prevent, and courage to overcome danger.

May thoſe who relieved the diſtreſſes of the poor during the winter, feel the benefit of a plentiful harveſt in the ſummer.

May Wiſdom and Diſcretion be our pilots.

May ingratitude be puniſhed with reproach.

The union of friendſhip, love and wine.

May our hounds, horſes, and hearts never fail us.

A homely wife, a neat retreat.

Every thing in ſeaſon, enough to eat.

Peace and good-will to all mankind.

Merit to win a heart, and ſenſe to keep it.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the nation be bleſſed with plenty and the people with gratitude.

May the ſciſſars of experience clip the wings of extravagance.

May we ever learn to correct ourſelves before we begin to correct others.

May we check paſſion before paſſion checks us.

May the road to happineſs be lighted by virtue.

May the wings of friendſhip never loſe a feather.

Champaign to real friends and real pain to our ſham friends.

Honeſt

Honeſt men and pretty women.
May health paint the cheek and ſincerity the heart.
May Mirth and Wiſdom go hand in hand.
May we breakfaſt with health, dine with friendſhip, crack a bottle with mirth, and ſup with the goddeſs contentment.
A ſpeedy exportation to the enemies of Great Britain without a drawback.
May life laſt as long as its worth wearing.
May we take reaſon and patience in the right-hand, and hope in the left.
May Juſtice overtake oppreſſion.
When bravery ſecures victory to Britain, may mercy aid the conqueſt.
May genius and merit ever meet with encouragement in England, without being neceſſitated to ſeek for it abroad.
Frugality without meanneſs.
May the miſer grow poor and the benevolent rich.
Gaiety and innocence.
May we be ſlaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.
May the Grammar of life be conſtrued without the accidents.
May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.
Succeſs attend His Majeſty's arms by land and ſea and a ſpeedy and honorable termination to the war.
May the friends of the bottle never want health, wealth, roaſt beef, and claret.
Peace, liberty, and liberality throughout the world.
Happineſs to thoſe who by virtue ſtrive to gain it.
May ſucceſs attend us, whilſt we continue to deſerve it.
May we learn inſtruction before deſtruction comes.
May we pay more reſpect to ſenſe than wealth.
May we ever keep our friends ſecrets, when entruſted with them.
May we learn to obey before we pretend to govern.
May he who glories in his ſin, come to ſhame.
May poverty and ſhame be attendants on vice.

May we make much of our previous time whilſt in our power,
And truly and duly huſband every fleeting hour.
What we have learned amiſs may we learn to unlearn.
May learn what is right, and ever practiſe it.
May we never find nothing too hard for dilligence to conquer.
May we be zealous in a good cauſe and gain applauſe.
May we ever make ourſelves uſeful before we become popular.
May we keep company with thoſe who are willing to improve us.
May friendſhip be enliven'd by good-humour, but never be wounded by wit.
May our prudence ſecure us friends, but enable us to live without their aſſiſtance.
May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of truth.
May we never want a bait, when we fiſh for content.
May Sentiment never be ſacrificed by the tongue of deceit.
May the ſmiles of conjugal felicity compenſate the frowns of fortune.
May the ſpirit of contradiction be laid aſleep, while conviviality and good-humour are enlivened by the juice of the vine.
May we ever keep the wip-hand of our enemies.
May every ſucceeding year ſtrengthen our friendſhip, and increaſe our proſperity.
May the feeling heart poſſeſs the fortune the miſer abuſes.
Pleaſures that pleaſe on reflection.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
May every day be happier than the laſt.
May the examples of evil produce good, and reward effect that reformation to which puniſhment has been proved ineffectual.

FINIS.

W. N. H. HARDING

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